THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 70.

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS—I'LL NONE OF IT.

Shakespeare's Macbeth.

This is sometimes the language of presumption and sometimes of prudence. The physician, either of the mind or the body, generally prescribes a better draught, and it is vastly more agreeable to "throw it to the dogs" than be under the necessity of taking it; yet there are some people so fond of the phial that if they should distribute a portion in the same uncourteous manner it would be found no disservice to them.

Mrs. Splenetive, for instance, is always complaining. Like Lord Ogleby she cannot come down in a morning without previously breakfasting on pills, potions and powders. She has as many disorders as are to be found in the catalogues of disease, and has taken at one time or another all the prescriptions of the dispensatory; very much resembling an apothecary's tunnel, through which passes by turns all the medicine in his shop. It is a pity that with all her takings she would not take Macbeth's *advice*. It is a sovereign specific for nervous ladies. *Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.*

When I see a man preaching moderation and reason to a political enthusiast, wasting his strength in a fruitless attempt to explain the inconsistency of party prejudices with the public good, proposing an armistice to intolerance, and disclosing the advantages of "an union of all honest men" I cannot help smiling in pity at his mistaken honesty and wasted time. *Throw physic to the dogs*—your patient will have none of it.

When I read a long list of astonishing cures, the innumerable virtues of a patent medicine, how many lives it has saved, how much disorder it has prevented; when I am informed of the wonderful invention of some self-taught genius, who in the midst of his mechanical occupations has discovered a barrier to the progress of disease and death, and invites you with generous liberality to *purchase* its advantages, I cannot help exclaiming with Horace, *Credat Judeus apella—Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.*

The other day, very good naturedly we attempted something in the medical way ourselves. We were desirous of making some emollient

applications to pride and bringing down the swellings of inflated vanity. *Take physic*, POMP, said the Wanderer, but he lolled at ease in his chariot and bid the coachman go on. *Throw physic to the dogs—I'll none of it.* And Pomp was *right*—Who would permit a dabling physician to purge one of his dignity?

Here is our neighbor and friend Mr. ORDEAL. I know not whether he is more appropriately termed a physician or a surgeon, but certain it is he is thorough in his work—he has been laboring with much zeal and ability for the poor "actor men" almost through the winter, he has given one prescription after another, and some of them most bitter doses, the public have watched the efficacy of his medicines and admired the theory on which he practised, his patients have been sometimes cured of their malady, but oftener outrageous against the physician, and his medicines have exclaimed with Macbeth—*Throw physic to the dogs—We'll none of it.*

Physicians have long been considered merely as a necessary evil and however solicitous we may be in a moment of danger to call them in and ask their assistance, yet no one is desirous of their professional visits without particular invitation, nor willing to follow their prescriptions when there are other means of health. The Reviewers however have long been known in the literary world as a college of physicians who insist on administering physic whether the patient will take it or not, and are ever ready to amputate any limb in his body which they think deformed, however excruciating the pain it occasions, or imperfect the poor fellow may be without it. They will cure a man's infirmity in spite of himself. But after having cut, purged, sweated and blistered the poor author from top to bottom without his being able to perceive the least possible advantage, no wonder he should be willing to throw, not only the *physic*, but the *doctors, to the dogs*, and beg they'll "*let the patient minister to himself.*"

There is nothing so ungratefully received as advice unsolicited. Every man has sufficient vanity to suppose himself competent to the conduct of his own concerns, and feels the interference of others as an impertinence, which he ought not to permit, and an arrogant censure of his own understanding which is but little entitled to his respect. Yet every man has such a superfluous quantity of judgment that he willingly imparts it to his neighbors, and however œconomical he may be in other acts of charity, finds himself able to be a SAMARITAN in *advice*. He is willing to spend his breath for his fellow-being, although his breath is a man's very existence. Like Coleman's good "lady of the RED COW" though he gives nothing else he "will give a *little air*."—People who would not move a foot to assist you in distress are yet willing enough to give you the benefit of their advice, and to do it with so little prudence that your only security arises in following a directly opposite course.

To those, however, who are thus affectionately concerned for every body's good, who propose remedies when the patient is in love with his disease, and are willing to cure him of disorders which he has no wish to remove, may very often and very properly be addressed the language of Macbeth,

THROW PHYSIC TO THE DOGS—I'LL NONE OF IT.

E.

For the Emerald.

REVIEW.

"*The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive, and Timothy Testy. With a few supplementary sighs from Mrs. Testy. In twelve dialogues. First American from the third London edition—Boston: Published by Grenough, Stebbins, & Hunt; and Belcher & Armstrong.* 1807."

THE man, that can make the petty objects of irritation and annoyance tributary to enjoyment, is entitled to no little gratitude from a fretful creation. We may attempt in our closets nicely to balance our judgments and settle in the void of abstraction the weight of those trifles, that trouble us abroad, that tease into ill humour, or vex into petulance. The difficulty is, we are not beings that can be always abstract. We leave our closets, and mix again with the world, and find, trifling as they are,

"These little things are great to little man."

How many can each individual enumerate within the circumscribed circle of his own acquaintance, who are really wretchedly miserable, without ever having met, in the whole course of their lives, a single circumstance, that had the weight of calamity or the magnitude of misfortune. The events, which have made them mope and moan, are beneath the dignity of distress or the majesty of affliction. It is the little vexations of life; vexations, that, from their insignificance, wait not for uncommon occasions; that may happen every day and every moment; that make up in number what they want in weight; it is these vexations, that are the grains of dust, which principally constitute the mountain of human infelicity.

The author in the persons of Messrs. Sensitive and Testy has undertaken to move this mountain, not by faith, but wit. He falls to work upon it with irony, humour and ridicule, and the hill fairly trembles. To bury metaphor in the hill; his design seems to be, to place in the most ludicrous light the minor vexations, which by way of eminence he styles "The Miseries of Human Life." Method is not very compatible with mirth; the plan therefore is simple. A couple of wretches get together in sweet community of suffering, and we hear in every one of the "Dialogues,"

"*Moody* madness *laughing wild*
Amid *severest* woe!!"

At the second dialogue Testy introduces his son, of whom he said in the first, that he determined to take him from Eton, because old Busby, the head pedagogue there, pronounced him half mad, without any other reason, than because "from dint of good memory, without brains enough to ballast it, he flirted out his crude scraps of authors upon all occasions, without stopping to think where he was or who were his hearers." It is natural and convenient to have one of the disputants married, and Mrs. Testy comes in by way of appendix. Sensitive senior brings up the rear and explains and elucidates the whole.

The production before us is hardly a fit subject for analytical criticism. Effusions of humour are aptly termed *sallies* of wit. It is not in their nature to regard rules and forms. In the direct and gross violation of these, their point often consists. These *sallies* are not confined to the enumeration of "Miseries." They also abound in the Dialogues. Of these the first is perhaps the most pithy and finished. In no one page of the book are the author's forces more condensed, than

in the 10th. He gives a summary of the miseries of each individual.

"What my poor Sir, *are the senses, but five yawning inlets to hourly and momentary molestations?*—What is your House, while you are *in* it, but a prison filled with nests of little reptiles; of insect annoyances; which torment you the more, because they cannot kill you? and what is the same house, when you are *out* of it, but a shelter, out of reach, from the hostilities of the skies?—What is the Country, but a sandy desert at one season, or a swallowing quagmire at another?—What the Town, but an *upper* Tartarus of smoke, and din?—*What are Carriages, but cages upon wheels?—What are riding Horses, but purchased enemies, whom you pamper into strength, as well as inclination, to kick your brains out?*—What are Theatres, but licensed repositories for ill told lies, or stifling shambles for the voluntary sacrifice of time, health, money, and morals?—A Senatorial Debate (when you have fought your way to it) what is it but a national Main of Cocks?—What are Games, Sports, and Exercises, but devices of danger and fatigue to the performers, and schools of surgery to the practitioner who may happen to look on?—*What are Society and Solitude, but, each, an alternate hiding place from the persecutions of the other?—Libraries!—What are they but the sepulchres of gaiety, or conservatories for the seedlings of disease?*—Nay, to descend still lower, what are the indispensable processes of Eating and Drinking, but practical lectures on the art of spoiling food?—or what even the familiar operations of Dressing and Undressing, but stinging remembrancers of the privileged nakedness of the savage?"

Among other verbal inaccuracies in the perusal of this volume, any considerable part of which for the reason above suggested we shall not attempt to point out, we observed the word "*rightest.*" *Right* admits not comparison. We hint this merely because in serious composition there is so general a laxity of style with respect to comparatives.

It is a trite, but true remark, that there is only *one way* to convey an idea. No two modes of expression are equally apt. The great object is to hit this *unit*. Probably of all the combinations of English language the author has struck the happiest possible in the following instance.

"*Sen.* I will *now* give you a ball-room "Groan," with which nothing in Holbein's "Dance of Death" can stand a moment's comparison:—

When you have imprudently cooled yourself with a glass of ice, after dancing very violently, being immediately told by a medical friend, that you have no chance for your life but by continuing the exercise with all your might;—then, the state of horror in which you suddenly cry out for "*Go to the Devil and shake yourself,*" or any other such frolicsome tune, and the heart sinking apprehensions under which you instantly tear down the dance, and keep rousing all the rest of the couples (who, having taken no ice, can afford to move with less spirit)—incessantly vociferating, as you ramp and gallop along, "Hands across, Sir, for heaven's sake!"—"Set corners, ladies, if you have any bowels!"—"Right and left—or I'm a dead man!"—&c. &c."

There is one misery we notice for the benefit of some of our Common pleas lawyers.

"*Sen.* Hearing bad grammar, bad emphasis, &c. from persons who ought to know much better—without the liberty of interfering.

Tes. Yes, though you long to cry out

"malè nominatis
Parcite verbis." *Hor.*

The author's wit is most brilliant in classic allusions and in introducing the best vernacular writers.—As instances take these:

"*Tes.* Walking obliquely up a steep hill, when the ground is what the vulgar call *greasy.*

Ned Tes. Sad work!—"Labitur et labetur!"— *Hor.*

"*Sen.* As you are walking with your charmer—meeting a drunken sailor who, as he staggers by you, ejects his reserve of tobacco against the lady's drapery.

Now is not this too much, Sir?

Ned Tes. Yes, that's exactly what

is; and therefore you should have cried out, in time,

"Ne QUID *nigh miss!*"

This has two meanings, each equally apposite, and as a pun, defies ADDISON's objection of not bearing translation.

"*Tes.* Walking through a boundless field of fresh ploughed clay-land; and carrying home, at each foot, an undesired sample of the soil, of about ten or twelve pounds weight.

Ned Tes. Ah! this is, as *Dryden says*,

"A trifling sum of *misery*
New added to the *foot* of thy account!"

"*Sen.* In attempting to pay money in the street—emptying your purse into the kennel—the wind taking care of all the *paper* money:

Ned Tes. "The trembling *notes* ascend the sky!" *Alex. Feast.*

We cannot forbear one quotation further, as giving a reading of *Macbeth*, new, we believe, even to COOPER and FENNEL.

"Sitting down, with a keen appetite, to a beef steak (and nothing else) which proves to be completely *charked* by overdressing.

Tes. Confound 'em!—none of them ever attend to Macbeth's receipt for dressing a beef steak, though by much the best that ever was given.

Sen. How?

Tes. Why,

....."when 'tis *done*, 'twere well
If 'twere *done quickly*."

We have here amply detailed the miseries of the country, of games, London, public places, travelling, social life, reading and writing, the table, miseries domestic, miseries personal, and miseries miscellaneous, so that every man, "who *would* be wretched from *taste*," may find at once a *misery* to his *liking*. The present editors might have supplied by way of *notes* some of the miseries of our own public places and others, *peculiar* to Boston. As thus,

Sitting at the *Theatre*, wrapt in attention to COOPER in the dagger scene of MACBETH, and just as the soul is harrowed up, and the eyes riveted, and the ear eager for the next word in the most important part of this impressive soliloquy, a rude clap from the gallery drowns the sound of his voice and breaks up the interest.

For Mrs. *Testy*. Dancing at a ball in a new silk suit directly under a chandelier, in which the animated candles *stoop* to conquer, and the *spermaceti streams a flood*, as the ointment did on Aaron—not that there's any beard in the case—but down to the *very skirts of your garment*; and when you have gone down the middle, not having much chance to come up again, from having made a genteel *faux pas* upon the spot in the floor, that seems glad to have caught what your clothes could well spare, and that has fairly widened the sett by a new figure *tandem*—*Kid shoes rent by the fall*, *gown torn*, and *nose bleeding*.

JUNIUS might well have said, with respect to this whole volume of miseries, "I defy the gravest of your chaplains to read the catalogue without laughing." Put this book into the hands of intelligence itself and you would see the gravity of wisdom transported into "*Laughter, holding both his sides.*" The annunciation of the moral the author has put into the mouth of Sensitive sen. who toward the close thus undeceives his brother:

The "dagger which you see before you," is "but a dagger of the mind"—the Shapes by which you are teased, or terrified, are only pigmies, magnified into giants by the fogs of imagination.

On the whole, this writer's vein of wit, fertility of classic allusion, and extreme familiarity with the best English authors, give to his production intrinsic merit. He has a felicity in misery and is happy in the detail of wretchedness. The Miseries of Human Life has all the

wit of Swift's "Directions to Servants," without the obscenities of the "dirty Dean." Though the mirth is made up of misery, it is no miserable mirth. The book is, what it aspires to be, a MORAL JEST BOOK. The author has enlisted wit in the cause of morality and it does faithful service.

Boston, March 5.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 20.

NON FUMUM EX FULGORE SED EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.

Venice Preserved (Otway) and Sixty-Third Letter. Friday, March 6.

THE disgust arising from the ill representation of dramatic productions, seems to be proportionate to the degree of their intrinsic excellence. When a mere acquaintance is assailed, we are indifferent to the assault; but let a friend be attacked and our feelings are immediately roused into opposition.—As a great tragedy well performed, affords to men of taste the richest treat, so when mangled by bad performance it is rendered at once an object of displeasure. The representation of Venice Preserved on this evening, would allow to criticism the greatest scope of severity, while it cannot authorise justice, to throw much praise into the balance.

From this general censure we willingly exempt the Pierre of Mr. Caulfield. He played better than he has ever done the same character; his improvement seems to be progressive.

We cannot but express our surprise that the gentleman who made his first appearance in Jaffier, should have ventured to undertake a part at the same time so laborious and difficult, without much more tuition than he appears to have received, and attention than he seems to have bestowed. We had proconceived opinions rather favourable than disadvantageous in respect to the *promise* of his abilities; but we are fearful the performance of Jaffier, proves the metal *base*, and that what we imagined *sterling* was the glitter of the gold upon the surface. We may perhaps be mistaken, and the actor may improve. The personation of Jaffier, cannot be exposed in all its errors; criticism in relation to it cannot be particular, must be general. The whole was a defect. A few lines uttered well may possibly take from this unqualified censure; but what better than a single exception serves for the proof of a rule? His predominating error was a slowness of delivery, an inertness of utterance that converted the spirit of the character into vapour, and rendered what was animated, glowing and energetic, at once vapid, cold and lifeless. We conceive this gentleman mistaken in the estimate of his powers, by his complete failure in a part of this arduous kind at the outset. Few performers have ever existed who have risen to the very apex of professional attainment at a flight; such powers are indicative of uncommon genius. Common birds must be fledged before they can fly; the Phenix only is perfect from the first. Garrick may have began his career where other performers usually end; and most of his successors have therefore been contented to end where he began. Palmer, Cooke, and (to be more at home) Cooper, all have risen by slow and gradual advances.—It is in the profession of acting as in every other, it must be learned before it can be understood, and studied before it can be practiced. If this gentleman would not endeavour to compass too much at first, he may soon be enabled to o'erleap the block on which he originally stumbled; let him at present assume only second characters, and mastering them, he will then have only one step to make to eminence; now, his exertions will be fruitless, and his failure the more discreditable, because success is most unlikely.

The Beaux Stratagem (G. Farquar) and Lying Valet. Monday, March 9.

This is a bustling comedy; the incidents succeed each other in constant rapidity, and are often ludicrous and dramatic. These excellencies are more than obviated by the extreme licentiousness of its dialogue, and immorality of its tendency. Farquar was ill when he wrote it, and the mind and body being intimately connected, it may perhaps be safely said that, "his wit was diseased." Feeling and sentiment, rather

than wit and humor, seem in these days to govern the public taste ; hence the licence of double-entendre and unblushing front of vice, find few votaries in a modern audience. This play we think very little calculated for the meridian of Boston, for if the objectionable passages were expunged, it would be no longer a play. The reasons which could have induced the managers to bring it forward, should have been powerful ; but we presume the universal disapprobation of the judicious public, has proved them nugatory.

The choice of this comedy being bad, is no reason why it should not have been wholly represented. In the last act so much of the plot was omitted, that we were uninformed, why the robbers were induced to visit Lady Bountifull's house of Boniface's treachery and co-operation, of Cherry's instrumentality in detecting the scheme, of the reason of Aimwell's arrival at so fortunate a conjuncture, of the previous arrival of Sir Harry, and conversation with Sullen relative to the divorce. In short, one of the busiest parts of the plot was intirely omitted.

The friends of Mr. C. Powell cordially welcomed his re-appearance on our boards, after his long absence. In the part of Scrub, by recalling the recollections of "scenes gone-by," he afforded them the highest gratification.

Mr. Bernard in Archer, by no means realised the expectations we had formed of it, but acted without much force or animation. His manners wanted much of grace and gentility.

Aimwell by Mr. Fox and Boniface by Mr. Dykes, were personated tolerably ; which cannot truly be said of the parts performed by Mr. Poe and Mr. Barnes.

Mrs. Stanley filled the part of Mrs. Sullen with great credit to her talents, it is precisely in the line wherein she most excells. Cherry by Mrs. Poe, had a representation at once lovely and able. But in consequence of a very unbecoming costume, we could not relish Mrs. Usher. A lady who depends so much upon exterior for success, should pay such attention to her dress, as to improve and not impair her external charms.

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King Lear, (Shakespeare) and Spoiled Child. Wednesday, March 11.

The tragedy of King Lear, in which Shakespeare has shewn his consummate knowledge of human nature in its most intricate mazes, had lain dormant and unknown until the time of Tate. And though he may be subject to decided censure for the presumption of which he was guilty, in the liberties he has taken in altering the original, he certainly deserves praise for snatching from the jaws of time, a production so replete with beauties, that posterity will never cease to honour it. It has constantly been disputed whether the happy termination of this play, is rather to be condemned or applauded. Critics of the highest authority have marshalled themselves for the contest.—On one side we find Addison and Richardson, and on the other Doctor Johnson and Coleman ; but the matter is yet open for discussion. The public however have given a decision in favour of the play as now universally acted ;—which they had not given the original copy of Shakespeare. Other plays had descended regularly from the period when they were written, but this had been left undisturbed for a great lapse of time. It is generally conceded however that many important alterations by Tate, were both necessary and judicious. The exclusion of the gibing fool from scenes so tender and affecting, was by Garrick found indispensible ; and the omission of that unnatural deed of cruelty, in which Gloster's eyes are trodden out *upon the stage*, has been proved agreeable to every audience.

In the loves of Edgar and Cordelia there is nothing improbable or inconsistent ; they are happily blended with the principal story. The unexpected meeting of the lovers in the third act, has been praised, as being "a gleam of sunshine and promise of fair weather, in the midst of storm and tempest." It is supposed that Tate was assisted by Dryden in the alteration of this play, which will readily account for the act with which the emendations are incorporated and assimilated with the general plan.

In this tragedy the characters, are so striking, original, natural and well preserved, that either Edgar, Edmund, or Kent would be a hero, for any other author. The moral is now more complete than before, for although Goneril, Regan and Edmund were deservedly punished for their crimes, yet Lear and

Cordelia, were killed without reason and without fault. But now they survive their enemies and their virtue is crowned with happiness.

Lear is, of all characters in tragedy, the most difficult to perform. This *bow of Ulysses* has proved so hard to bend, that despair has succeeded to hope; since Garrick it is presumed there has never been a perfect Lear, and before him there is no one upon record. Lear is an old man of impetuous impulse, constantly in excess. This may in some measure account for the division of his kingdom; but the remoteness of the age to which the play must refer, will prove an additional reason. It is remarked that were the same story told of an Indian prince it would not excite surprise. Lear is capricious, irresolute, inhuman; but being old, a king, a father, an outcast, persecuted by his daughters he is an object of commiseration and sympathy. Mr. Fennel did himself great credit in his personation. The facility with which he entered into the age of the character, the dignity of his deportment and general apprehension of the author were remarkable traits of excellence. The curse was denounced with great feeling and effect, and the ironical though pathetic utterance of these lines was very appropriate.

Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me, raiment, bed,
and food.

The moment when his senses began to fail, was happily marked. We thonght however the subjects of his raving when he enters mad to Edgar and Gloucester, wanted a distinctness to have rendered them evident. So too this passage

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with *felt*. I'll put't
in proof,
And when I've *stol'n* upon these sons-
in law,
Then kill, kill, kill, &c.

was not marked with sufficient force, especially the last line, which we think should be contrasted, with the soft and cautious manner in which the first part of the passage is uttered.

Mr. Caulfield as Edgar, gained much deserved reputation. In the mingled scenes of feigned madness and pathos, his execution could hardly be mended, and in all the varieties of the characte he distinguished his personation b traits of the most judicious discrimina tion. Our limits will not admit an greater particularity.

Kent by Mr. Usher had all the sturd bluntness of the part; and the tende ness was not ill portrayed. The bull ing scene with Oswold had much mer Kent is certainly one of his best cha acters.

Mr. Fox lost no ground by his per formance of Edmund.

Cordelia by Mrs. Poe, was interes ing; but the part is not suited to he voice.

On the whole though some mistake were committed, and much confusi arose from the blundering of superm merary performers, yet the exhibiti of King Lear deserved the reception met with; and we have no doubt wou amply remunerate Mr. Fennel and t managers in a second representation.

For the Emerald.

FROM THE FRENCH.

THE CHARMES OF OLD AGE.

(By a lady who does not yet enjoy them.

MESS'RS EDITORS,

I WISH with all possible dispat to be an *old woman*. It has be observed that we pass at once fro youth to age—that we hastily *mo the peg* from *twenty-nine* to *sixt* and we do right. Nothing is so convenient as to be neither old n young. But talk of sixty! w truly it is *le bel age*—it is charmi —it is that point of maturity a perfection, for which I anxiou wait.

In the first place I am not pret and at sixty I shall not feel oblig to be so. *Fontenelle* one day m a person of his acquaintance w announced that he was lately m ried. "*Is your wife pretty?*" s Fontenelle. "*Ah!*" replied t husband, "*she is one of the most a able of women—has wit, talents*"— "*But is she pretty?*" "*You can ha no idea of her goodness of heart*

her mildness of character." "*My friend, tell me if she be pretty; for that is the only thing a woman is obliged to be.*" It is then very clear that an *old woman* is not *obliged* to be any thing. I can make myself agreeable only when there is no compulsion.

Thank heaven I shall then cease to laugh at a dull joke, to be amused through politeness, and to be animated without feeling any animation. To sustain my place in the midst of the amusements of others, it will be enough for me barely to approve of them. Indulgence will be my part;—for when pleasure has ceased to be a duty, indulgence will become a merit. If I find myself surrounded by the bustle of fashionable life, merely to endure it will be taken very kindly of me. But now, not to give displeasure, I am sometimes obliged to make as much as others. To those frivolous conversations in which I am at present compelled *with vivacity* to take a part, I shall then appear *kind* if I consent to listen; and *amiable*, if I devote to them any degree of attention. My motives will be duly appreciated as to the interest with which I question Mr. R. upon the pleasures of *une fete* to which I had refused to go, as well as to the sincerity of the praises that I may chance to bestow on Miss G.'s elegant hat, without having the intention to get one like it. My sincerity will be unsuspected when I declare plainly that rose-colour of all others, is most suitable to Mrs. P. and I shall with as good a grace, defend my young friends on the score of the extravagance of their fashions, which I can no longer follow; as excuse the follies of youth, in which I no more run the hazard of partaking.

Nothing will prevent me from pardoning Mrs. L. when after having put a question to me, she has turned away without waiting for a reply. Nor shall I feel myself bound to be very solicitous in regard to what that lady allows me to say to her; any more than I shall hold myself obliged to take Mr. N. at the very letter of his expressions. We can endure every thing from those, of whom we expect nothing; and in old age we do not expect any thing faom the world, because we have nothing to offer it. We look upon it as less important to us, in proportion as we become of less importance to the world, That was a sensible old lady (Lady Sandwich) who never went out without wrapping herself up in cloaks and cardinals, saying that she would *rather be ridiculous* than rheumatic. Now it is sufficiently ridiculous in old people to catch cold for those who would not thank them for it. At sixty we ought to laugh at the approbation of the world, in order that the world may not laugh at us. I yet lack many years of sixty.

Carelessness and unconcern will then be called reason; indolence, dignity; and idleness meritorious. An *old woman* is never more pleasantly situated than at home; for abroad, she is compelled to take the first place, because she is absolutely unable to maintain herself in any other. She is never to be suffered to dispute for her rank. But with how many advantages would she enter into such a contest? Her importance in the estimation of others being no longer founded on her means of pleasing, she ought to found it on the interest which they may have to be *well with her*. Find herself where she may, she ought to be accounted in the lawful exercise of a kind of magistracy:—she ought to regulate the tone and spirit of the conversation to her own liking, and to be always well aware

of her right to do this. She should always believe herself an object of respect; but respect will be waited for—it never follows those who run after it.

The way to live with dignity in the world is to know how to live without it. And how easy it is at first to live without those who care nothing for us! How calm we feel in respect to pleasures which can no longer be heightened by the captivating hopes of some successful result! The actors must be very good when I shall relish a scene, of which I am to be a mere spectator; and if I do not deceive myself, there are few persons who would not be more amused by *playing* a part badly, than by *seeing* it well played. But well or ill, in youth each one must play a part. Old age frees us from those which are unsuitable. Let a young lady dance elegantly or badly, she must dance; let her be handsome or ugly, she must shew herself—she must conduct as others conduct. But an *old woman* does what she pleases. In following her own inclinations, her pretensions are too few to incur the reproach that she assumes too much. The impression she makes on others is not of that sort to subject her to the charge of wishing to appear singular. If it is to the loss of her charms that she owes all her liberty; that liberty will confer on her other charms which she could not derive from youth. Her mind is at ease in proportion as her faculties are limited. *Nothing unites the tongue*, said the Abbe de Choisy, *like the gout in the hands and feet.* She may suffer the conversation to become animated, when it is no more to be feared that she will lead it. Her gaiety may be less circumspect, her intercourse more free, her goodness more familiar, and her sensibility more expressive;—for she no longer runs the risk of abuse on these several heads. Candour is commendable when she is in no danger from it. It is hardly permitted to a girl to be frank, even at fifteen. A woman who has been wise may again become so at sixty. She may talk of advantages which she no longer enjoys, and smile at accidents from the effects of which she is now free. She need not conceal those rebellions of the heart which she has quelled, those inclinations which she has vanquished—She can recall them without shame, because she can do it without regret; and join the attractions of tenderness, to the merit of virtue.

What a misfortune however that with all this, one cannot also be young and pretty!

EUGENIA.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

WAR.

The following description of the French and Imperial forces at the battle of Pavia is a fine specimen of the elegant and animated style of Professor Robinson.

Never did armies engage with greater ardour or with an higher opinion of the importance of the battle they were going to fight; never were troops more strongly animated with emulation, national antipathy, mutual resentment, and all the passions which inspire obstinate bravery. On the one hand a gallant young monarch seconded by a generous nobility and followed by subjects to whose natural impetuosity, indignation at the opposition they had encountered added new force, contended for victory and honour. On the other side, troops more completely disciplined and

conducted by generals of greater abilities, fought from necessity, with a courage heightened by despair.

The conflict of armies under such circumstances must have been dreadful, but the important battle of Pavia which has been so distinguished in the history of Europe must sink almost to nothing before the engagements of the present century.

NOBLENESS OF CHARACTER.

Men have existed who had the courage and nobleness to refuse the allurring blandishments of an imperial crown. When Francis and Charles, of France and Spain, were exerting every effort of their mighty power to gain the elevation of Emperor of Germany, the Electors neglected both to offer it to Frederic duke of Saxony, to whom history has given the honorable appellation of *Sage*. He was not dazzled with that object for which monarchs so much superior to him in power contended with so much eagerness, and after deliberating on the matter a short time he rejected it with a magnanimity and disinterestedness no less singular than admirable. The king of Spain's ambassadors, sensible of the advantage which his recommendation of their master would produce, sent him a large sum of money as the first token of that prince's gratitude.

But he who had greatness of mind to refuse a crown disdained to receive a bribe, and upon their intreating his leave to distribute part at least of the sum among his courtiers, he replied, that he could not prevent them from accepting what should be offered, but whoever took a single florin should be dismissed next morning from his service.

WHAT IS THE LITERARY WORLD?

It is a kind of fair full of stalls, wares, and shop-keepers, in which THE THEOLOGIST sells his articles that at the same time supply food and warmth. THE CRITIC his cobweb linen and transparent lawn of no shelter from the cold. THE PHILOLOGIST, his embroidered vests, Corinthean vases and Phrygian marble. THE PHYSICIAN, letters, syllables and catacornered scrawls of crooked Z's. THE LAWYER, men. The ALCHYMIST, himself. THE POET, smoke. THE ORATOR, paint. THE HISTORIAN, fame. THE NATURAL PHILOSOPHER, heaven and earth. THE ANTIQUARIAN, like an old Jew pedler, sells old shoes.

WHAT ANIMALS IN NATURE ARE MOST RARE?

A rich man contented with his fortune—A man of genius not noted for his irregularities and defects—A learned man who knows himself—A sciolist not vain—A virgin whom every body thinks beautiful except herself.

A physician who lived in London, visited a lady who lived in Chelsea. After continuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient for him to come so far on her account. "Oh! madam," replied the doctor, "I have another patient in this neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, *I kill two birds with one stone.*"

ERRATA.—In Wanderer No. 69, first paragraph, for "*explanation,*" read *explication.* Second paragraph, for "*works*" read *work.* In the third paragraph, instead of "It comes over him, like a cloud in the days of his ambition, It comes over him, like a cloud in his day of ambition. In the last line, second column, page 110, for "*attributed*" read *attributable.* In the last period but one of "The Wanderer," the allusion to *Epaminondas,* for *more* pride" read *their* pride. Page 111, for "*Fleury*" read *Fleutry.* Page 113, first line, for "the *least* mean of judging" &c. read the *best* mean. In the Ordeal, page 116, for "*George Hills*" read *George Lillo.* In the same page, fifth line from bottom of first column, *dele with.*

POETRY.

We are happy to introduce a reply to the elegant poetical Present *of our valuable friend, and* hope *it is the commencement of an interesting correspondence.*

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE RESPONSE.

*To R***

I saw the young Sylph convey to her heart,
The *present* his mother had wreath'd;
I heard the chaste accents his lips did impart.
In the verses the poet bequeath'd.

I also attested the glowing assent,
"To bestow on the Poet a smile;"
And ask'd her, if I had some lines to present,
Would they so much sweetness beguile?

She answer'd—ah no—she said not a word—
'Twas not me, that she wish'd to address:
I call'd her attention—and spoke of reward
To the poet, in a *verse*;—she said, yes

But where are the flowers your relative queen,
Hath sent by the *boy* that's just flown?
—Indeed not a shadow of one could be seen,
So mingled were they with her own.

Unconscious of blushing, her eyes then disclos'd,
What the heart was full wont to betray;
And the vi'let, the amaranth, the lilly, and rose,
Each shone in their native array.

Call back, said she, Cupid, to R** let him fly—
To the Emerald, hie him away,
Say something to Venus, to Jove, and—yet, why?
I cannot tell *what* I would say.

Oh, write of the *bouquet*, compose me *one* line.
Arouse your dull slip shodded muse,
And what—is impure, my R** will refine.
—I wrote—and pray who could refuse?

X**

Among the variety of banking schemes in our speculating country none appear with so much profit and advantage as that which is kept by

THE BANKER OF LOVE.

At the Court of Olympus assembled by Jove,
'Twas agreed that a Bank should be open'd for Love;
And the gods all delighted pass'd a decree,
That the son of fair Venus the banker should be.
So in pity to mortals they sent him below [we
To soften distress and to banish the
For he debits and credits the smile and the kiss,
The patron of joy and banker of bliss,
The firm of his business, Truth and Virtue approve, [love
And Hymen still audits the balance of

At home or abroad, in peace or in war
His currency never descends below par
Whether good news or bad, whether stocks rise or fall,
The bills of this bank never suffer at all.
For the holders all know that the fund he employs
No accident lessens, no danger destroys
For he debits and credits &c.

He issues his notes from the eye of the fair,
And *I promise to yield*, is legible there
His checks are all signed by dame Nature's own hand,
To be fill'd up at pleasure and paid on demand, [impu
While his bills duly paid, to him credit
As the BANKER OF LOVE ever draws on the heart.
For he debits &c.

EPIGRAM. ...*Advice to Strephon.*

Pensive *Strephon*, cease repining,
Give thy injur'd stars their due;
There's no room for all this pining,
Be *Dorinda* false or true.
If she feeds a faithful passion,
Canst thou call thy fortune cross?
And if sway'd by whim or passion,
Let her leave thee,---where's the los

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